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THE ELEVATOR

GOING UP?

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VOL. VI. FEBRUARY, 1915 NO. 5

Concerning

WHO'S WHO IN THE NORMAL

In December, when I came to the bat, I ran my fingers lightly over the keys and bunted a historical strain, just out of anybody's reach, which enabled my main theme to advance a base. (If you don't like to take your figures mixed, kindly refrain from this one.) If History may, on request, contribute sufficient subject matter for a nice, energetic prelude, may not a few introductory bleats be coaxed from Geography?

I once knew a man who, by reason of his build, was admirably suited as a designer's model in a spaghetti foundry. He was so thin that he was barely visible to the naked eye. He didn't want to be skinny, and so he took treatments and ate proteids, breakfast foods, protoplasms, olive oil, potassium cyanides, and all other known forms of nutriment, but to no avail; he remained diametrically unimproved. Then, nature threw a switch somewhere, and he began to expand like a heated balloon. Overnight, as it were, he grew to a beatific rotundity. Well, that is somewhat the way it has been with Geography. I remember very well when Geography existed only as an attenuated incumbent of our course of study. At that time it had only three organs in working order, viz., locating, bounding, and describing. Suddenly,

another switch snapped, the other geographical organs got busy. The wan figure of Geography relaxed, took on substance, and lo, it presently appeared a regular brobdingnagian among the figures of our educational group. It is about the most plethoric subject of all our curricula. It embraces about everything, and those things which it has

not taken fairly, it has nabbed through process of correlation. The earth, and the air, and the sea and the things therein are held as hostages in the geographical camp.

Within the ken of most of us, a recitation in Geography consisted in bounding Utah, describing the river Euphrates, and locating the ancient and honorable capital of the Portuguese. For dessert there were perfectly lucid directions to

persons who had lost directions as to how they might be found, and a closing aria and recitative explaining that the earth was globular in shape because the hull of a ship got out of sight first. Such was the geographic ritual of the Free Silver days. But now in the plaintive prosody of the poet, O tempora, O Mores, O Geography. The other day, Donovan, who is a progressive, seeking to entrap me asked, "What do you consider the most important phase of Geography?" "Sure," said I, who am a reactionary, "the most important phase of Geography is the whereabouts of locations." "Saprista! Voila! Chile Con Carne!" jeered Donovan, having done work in the profane language at the State University. "Don't you know any knowledge? The most important phase of Geography is the influence of the Panama Canal upon the fine stock industry of Mason County."

Geography treats of everything. It tells what makes the sun set, and the breezes sigh; the ocean wet, and the desert dry. Which brings us to the key word of this month's dissertation. Dry! We have with us in this issue the man who made Sahara jealous. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Leland Bunch, of Paducah.

We reassert that Bunch is dry. He is a genuine anhydrous, devaporized specimen of dryness. He is as dry as an address on Mathematics delivered at a Woman's Club session, or a beaten biscuit. Apparently his diet is of mesquite and cacti. He is dry. But,—and please note that that *but* is an earnest one—having set forth his relative state of humidity, let us modify and specify. His dryness does not exhaust or depress. It invigorates. Like that of Pike's Peak, it renews and restores. It is healthful.

Bunch—let us once again employ that said old ally of the biographers—first saw light of day in Simpson County. Having thus seen, he remained to grow up an inhabitant of said county. The community's school bore the euphonious though somewhat exaggerated title of Paradise Academy. When the maturity of six had crowned his career Paradise Academy claimed him as its own and to it with snail-like

reticence of speed he bore his shining morning face, and from it, having undergone his daily martyrdom, he wended his way, happy in all the vespertime disarray of childhood. Now, Paradise Academy might have been rechristened Gum Stump, or Gourd Neck, or Oak Grove, without subtracting in the least from the celestial nature of its student-body. It was merely a rural school of the order that prevailed before the hickory switch had been superseded by the corn club.

One of the teachers who came to Paradise Academy and then passed on to other fields of conquest was John D. Spears, who was an earlier victim of these columns. John D.'s regime left a dry, burning ambition for more within the heart of the youthful Bunch, and he went to the school at Franklin, Ky., after it. Of this institution the head was Prof. V. O. Gilbert. Bunch attended school there and taught rural sessions alternately. Early in 1907 Professor Gilbert took Bunch aside and imparted to him the information that there was at Bowling Green an institution in which a dry, green country boy could likely get what was coming to him, so Bunch lugged his telescope to B. G. and matriculated. The Normal School gave him the once over. "Oh, you red head!" it greeted enthusiastically. Bunch grinned dryly. "Say," he said, "I didn't bring my head up here to excite any superfluous cavil about its exterior color scheme. What it needs is interior decorations. Does any desire to take the job seem to sweep your heart off its feet?" The Normal School being an expert interior decorator of heads, red or otherwise, took the job, completing the job July, 1910.

Livermore snuggles right flush against Green River, therefore, its percentage of humidity is pretty high. It is a nice, prosperous town, but the environment was too aqueous for the maximum of comfort and convenience. "What we need in this town," said a member of the Board of Education to his colleagues assembled, "is an element of dryness. Therefore I move that we elect Leland Bunch Superintendent of our school." The election was unanimous and Bunch took charge, September, 1910. Within three years he had been

instrumental in the erection of a splendid school building, and had given the town an appearance of kiln dried coziness. Then he moved on to Paducah as principal of the McKinley School. His supervision gained for the school an excellent session, and his presence brought the Ohio River to a state of abject subjugation. From the highest known stage in 1913 to the lowest known in 1914. He sure is dry. This year in appreciation of his achievements he was made principal of the Jefferson, the largest ward school in town, which post he is holding to the intense satisfaction of all concerned.

And so is written the true story of the Parched Pedagogue ,the Human Drouth commonly known as Leland Bunch.

—————oOo—————

LITERARY.

He Just Couldn't

Mart and Lizzie Shaw had been married twelve years. During this space of time they had each seen most every phase of the other's disposition, unfolded and exposed to view. Sometimes it was the unexpected; sometimes, the admirable. Nothing passed unnoticed. Each watched the other carefully, indeed, but fully intent on keeping his vigilance concealed.

The first eight years of this period had, for the most part, been spent paying for a small country home for which they had contracted. No time, no effort had been lost. Through cold, through heat, through rain and snow alike, they had trudged onward. Sometimes the way seemed too long, too hard; sometimes too dark; but their courage never failed them. Always pulling forward with unity of purpose, with unity of effort, they never slackened pace until the goal had been reached.

Among the things that had happened during this spell of pressure they had learned to really love each other. If at the beginning of their career as husband and wife there was, in their relations, anything of that sentimental nature which, in youthtime, waxes warm and cold with equal rapidity, it had vanished. Lizzie loved Mart because she knew him better—as she thought—than she could ever know any other man. She knew how to expect him. In a case of opinion and problem, she knew where to look to find him. And then she loved him because he was Mart, and because she had never learned to love anyone else. But she was very careful to keep it from him if she could. And Mart loved Lizzie. And he loved her because he could depend on her. He loved her because she had almost masculine judgment in matters of business. He knew if things went wrong, she could take care of them. He knew that, if necessary, she could take care of him. He knew that she suited him. And so he loved her. But he was ever careful to keep it from her if he could. Though their love was sincere and pure, it was played at somewhat in the manner of a game at "hide and seek."

Such had been the lives of these two beings during their time of burden. But with the last four years, things had begun to take a different turn. As soon as they had succeeded in lifting their incumbrance of indebtedness, it had been Mart's purpose to stock and improve their little farm. This he had done only in part. As the seasons came and went, he began to feel the little freedom of his condition.

At first, he passed these idle thoughts by with little or no attention. But later they found their way into his conduct. In the springtime he got the habit of fishing. In the autumn and winter he acquired the habit of hunting. And then at all seasons he would "stroll" off some place; very frequently to town. And Lizzie was observing it all.

The Bible saith, "Keep your lamps trimmed and ready." Some wise man of later times, perhaps, hath it, "The idle brain is the Devil's workshop." The modern version is like this, "Keep your hand upon the throttle and your eye upon the rail." Just which of these proverbs suit Mart's case best, the reader may determine for himself; but something had been "going on" in Mart's mind. Just whether these strolls, from the first, had been only excuses to "get off" some place; or whether mere, idle trips, is yet unsolved. But for the last two or three years Mart would return from these "jaunts" more or less intoxicated. Lizzie had taken due note of all this; but at no time had she allowed herself to scold or ill-treat him. It had been her intention to turn him from this dangerous course by kindness only. And this she was trying.

But there were some very strange things about Mart's drinking. In the first place, he would never drink at home. And as soon as his drinking began to get him "funny," he directed his steps homeward and never halted until safely within its fold. The most noticeable thing, however, was, whenever he had gotten into that "funny" stage, invariably he began singing that famous old hymn, "My Saviour Will Soon Call Me Home." By this he was known; known to be drunk. If there is such a thing as a man singing his coming, Mart did it. Often Lizzie sat and listened to those familiar words float in on the night breeze, bearing a message of sadness. She knew when Mart returned singing these words, the entire neighborhood understood his condition. And it pained her. It pained her deeply. She didn't even like to attend church, lest she might hear them. But she was always kind to Mart.

Lizzie had now tried for a long time to get things straight. But she failed. She laid plans. Her plans failed. Matters were all the time getting worse and worse. Something had to be done, and kindness was not doing it. Finally, one day in early autumn, after Mart had just recovered from one of his "spells," Lizzie spoke.

"Mart, I'm going to my father's. I'm not mad nor angry, but your drinking is more than I can stand. So I'm going down there."

Mart made no reply; just kept his seat and listened. And she continued:

"Now, I'm not leaving you unless you want it so. I'm only visiting for a few days. And when you think you can stop your drinking, just come or send after me and I'll come home, and things'll be as if I had never left."

She waited for him to say something, but not a word came from his lips. She continued:

"Mart, kindly hitch Old Joe to my buggy and drive him out front."

This he did, never uttering a word. The only other words spoken were when Lizzie drove away. She said, "Good-bye."

To Mart all this had passed in a kind of silent stupidity. Although he knew thoroughly what had occurred, its significance had not impressed itself upon him. The first day or two he passed quietly and very contentedly. But as soon as his already cooked eatables were exhausted, and he was compelled to do all the housekeeping plus feeding the chickens and everything else, the fact that something had happened began to dawn upon him. And then he grew sad. Everything grew sad. The home itself lost all its cheer and put melancholy on instead. The geese, the chickens, all moved about seemingly with undue silence. In the crowing of the cock; in the neighing of the horses; and in the lowing of the cows, he thought he heard the call of something absent, something gone. And he brooded.

Mart's stubbornness had almost yielded. He was just ready to give over when one afternoon his brother and broth-

er's wife drove in for a night's stay. Of course, they cheered him very much indeed, and when they learned Lizzie might be away several days, Mart's sister cooked a lot of nice things for him. However, all this did not last but a day or two; and Mart found himself back in that same old condition of lonesomeness.

As the days passed, he employed himself many ways to divert his sadness. Tasks were attempted that, otherwise, would never have been thought of. At nights, he would go out among the neighbors, but they greeted him with a "You don't seem to be looking so well while Lizzie's visiting." And he stopped that. Being only three or four miles to town, one morning, he tried walking down for a little diversion. This was quite nice, indeed, until the noon hour began to draw nigh, when he should return to that lonesome house. But to go back was too much for him. He would start, then stop. He would study over the matter and start again; but something held him back. And then he began to feel what a fool he had been acting. Once persuaded thusly, he was not long making up his mind to have Lizzie. So he proceeded to a telephone and spoke something like this:

"Central, please ring Tom Fowler's, on the Harlan Pike."

"____"

"Is that you, Lizzie?"

"____"

"Lizzie, I'm never going to drink any more. I want you to come home. We'll fix it all up as soon as you come. I'll be home as quick as I can get there. Good-bye."

Lizzie, as per her promise, hitched up Old Joe and drove back to the house of Mart. Of course, things were not in first-class housekeeping order. But this did not weary Lizzie. With eager hands, she put to work and in a little while everythnig was in its proper place. Then she turned her attention toward supper. In a short time a warm meal had been prepared. Now she seated herself by the window to await Mart. For the moment she took up her thoughts,

Mart should never know, from her conduct, that she had been away. She would be just as kind to him as formerly. She would not speak of it. But then she thought she heard something. She listened. It was a false alarm. And she returned to her thoughts. She would ask him for no promise more than what he had made by telephone. And then again she thought she heard something. She listened. She was not mistaken, for at that moment came floating in on the night breeze those familiar words, "My Saviour Will Soon Call Me Home."

CARL ADAMS.

oOo

The Land of Valentine

The young King sat upon his throne of Commonplace and gazed unhappily into his world. Without, all was the icy whiteness of February; within, among his courtiers, the hot fire of discontent, like to a day in July. The King himself was bowed down with the weight of everyday things, and the throne of Commonplace wearied his youthful body; at last he turned to his magician who gazed with all-seeing eyes into the hearts of men.

"Oh, Revealer of all things," cried the King, "can you not, from your casket of wonders, bring forth some potent spell to rid me of these garments of care, to render more easy this throne of Commonplace?"

The magician thought long—then his face brightened.

"What day and month is this?" he inquired.

The young King frowned; for days were the most tiresome things in all his kingdom.

"Why, the fourteenth of February," he snapped.

The magician had already dispatched a page for his casket of wonders, and opening it, he took therefrom an object that caused even the jaded eyes of the King to widen. It was a pair of spectacles; but such spectacles as never eye beheld before. For, instead of the crystal, for each eye was a heart, glowing, gleaming, carved from a ruby as red and

warm as a youth's first love—fastened together with a silver arrow; and for each ear likewise a heart.

Swiftly the Revealer fastened the wonder upon the head of the King, and quietly returned to his seat, to gaze wisely into the world.

But the King was as if bewitched. No longer was he oppressed with his thick garments of care; no longer was his hard throne irksome; for, as he looked, there rose before him a mighty gate, marvelously white it was, and of such exquisite carving that it seemed as if made of lace. As he gazed, the gate swung open, and lo, he was looking into a land of Springtime. As if under his burning eyes, flowers sprang into bloom; some suddenly, as if torn open by the rude passion of the bee; others, slowly, gently, as if wakened by the kiss of a butterfly's wing. Sunbeams ran races among them, and to the King's ears came the mating songs of birds as they winged their bright way through the trees.

As far as his eye could reach, were youths and maidens—and, strangely enough, not a graybeard among them. On every brow was pressed a coronet of youth, and each was garlanded with love. Farthest away sported those clad in Roman garb, casting into a vessel their names, then choosing, and thus mating as the birds. As his eye traveled on, the youth of every age and clime played joyously together. Some presented to each other costly gifts; others contented themselves with simple true love-knots, and strange wonders of lace and hearts, Cupids and cooing doves.

At last the King's wonder knew no bounds, and he cried to the Revealer:

"Oh, tell me, Wise One, what country is this into whose beauty I gaze? Where is this kingdom, that I may seek it?"

The Magician answered: "Have you never heard of the Land of Saint Valentine?"

But no, the King had never heard.

"Ah," he said, "no wonder that here is all joy and youth; for some good saint has given to it his name and piety."

"Not so," said the Magician. "It is called Saint Valentine only because the day of its discovery happened to fall on his day in the Saint's Calendar."

"Then who is the king of this land, and how may I find him, that I may learn from him how to rule my own country; for all of his subjects have the joy of eternal youth, and nowhere in that land do I see a trace of commonplace, or hear a murmur of everyday things."

"You may go," said the Revealer, "if you can procure these things: the first breath of the perfume of spring; the first drop of dew from the first arbutus; the first note of the wooing cardinal; and the first warm love of a pure maiden."

Then the King was exceeding sorrowful; for it seemed wellnigh impossible to find these things in his kingdom of Commonplace. But he departed at once in search of them. At last, after many days, when his kingly garments were old and worn; when he had given his golden bracelets and rings, yes, even his jeweled crown, for what proved mere imitations of those treasures that he sought; when the only token that remained to him of his high estate was his kingly heart of love;—then it was that he found them all, and returned in triumph to the Magician.

"Now you may set forth on your journey," said he. "But first let me whisper to you the pass-word."

"I know that already," replied the King. And looking into his eyes and into those of the maiden at his side, the Revealer saw that he had spoken the truth.

"Tell me, before I depart," insisted the young King, "how shall I know this King Valentine? for I must find him speedily."

"When you enter," answered the Revealer, "to each of you will be given a pair of glasses like to these of mine. Then will you know the King when you see him, for he is easily found."

And so it was. For as they entered the shining gate, and mingled with the happy throng, they saw in the heart of

each this mighty King, whose name was the same as the pass-word—Love.

At last the young King heard so clearly the call of his own land that he and the maiden reluctantly turned away from the Land of Valentine. But to everyone who visits this kingdom is given a pair of those wonderful glasses to keep to his life's end. Some there are who soon break or lose them; these are those base ones who gained the pass-word dishonestly. Many are there, however, who, like to this King and his maiden, treasure them in their most secure strong box.

So, ofttimes, when they grew weary of their kingdom of Commonplace, they would put on their glasses and gaze for a while into the ever-young land of St. Valentine, and as the day approached when they could no longer rule their kingdom, hand in hand they sought the time-worn highway to the country of their delight—there to dwell forever in eternal youth.

But before his departure the King made this decree: That, on every fourteenth day of February, to each youth and maiden in all the land should be given a vision of this Land of Valentine. And he left behind him his ruby glasses, to be used only by those kings of men who should be able to find the first breath of the perfume of Spring; t he first drop of dew from the first arbutus; t he first note of the wooing cardinal; and the first warm love of a pure maiden.

BELLE POTTER.

———oOo———

DESIRE

LUCY BOOTH

If I could follow
The starlight's white path upon the river
To the far west, where the silvern current spills
Through a rift between the distant gloaming hills
Into a hollow

Among low cloud with lilac mists aquiver,
And lay my hand against the cool, blue wall
Of star-encrusted sky
The dewy, evening sky,
If I could lay my hand against the wall!

If I could, singing,
Upon the hills that bound the west wind's realm
Await the moonrise, and then in a passion
Of wild, swift flight, if I could leap, wind fashion,
And, eastward winging,
Amongst the stars which summer night o'erwhelm,
And greet the moon, the white moth moon that clings
To the radiant sky—
The dewy dome,—if I
Could borrow for one flight the west wind's wings.

———oOo———

Our advertisers boost us; shall we boost them?

———oOo———

The Sons and the Suns

As the month of valentine draws on apace, and our minds naturally turn backward because of the very spirit of the season, to review not only our own past, but the past history of our great country as well, we find that many dates which we knew so well and many incidents of great moment have become a dim, vague, undifferentiated smattering stored, as it seems, in the attic of memory; but the month of February always brings to mind two American men whose characteristics Father Time himself cannot erase from the scroll of recollection. One hundred and eighty-

three years ago a rich and aristocratic son was born in the colony of Virginia, to be the glorious and illustrious father of a glorious and illustrious country. Seventy-seven years ago in the midst of pinching poverty, within the walls of an unfloored log cabin on the Kentucky frontier, another son destined to become the savior of that same great country, came to life; and to-day as we enjoy this "Land of the free and the home of the brave," as we enjoy the blessed privileges of a "Government of the people, by the people and for the people," as we behold this magnificent union of indestructible States stretching from shore to shore and embracing the heart of a continent, there arises from deep down in the abiding chambers of the American spirit a mingled feeling of love and devotion for the two greatest sons of the Western Hemisphere, for the two shining *suns* of American liberty, for Washington and Lincoln.

—o—

Our President

The liveliest topic of the Normal is the announcement of President Cherry for Governor. It was no surprise when a few days ago papers announced the candidacy of Dr. Cherry, as it was well known that he had been seriously contemplating such a course for some time, but still when the faculty and student-body realized that the die was really cast, it seemed to strike them as a hot wind from the north pole. The faculty looked pale, and sat wiht their chins in their hands as though they had just returned from the funeral of their mothers, and the student-body felt the jar, too, for despite the fact that everyone tried to appear optimistic and talked enthusiastically of the president's chances for election, the chill that came from the idea of losing the Father of the Institution, and the man whom we have all learned to admire as a father, was distinctly felt. But after a few days the effects of the initial shock disappeared; everyone settled down to make the best of it, and now the institution is moving on with the old-time spirit.

We shall regret most sincerely to see our president walk out from the doors of the institution not to return again to rekindle the fires of our spirits, but we realize that Kentucky is sorely in need of a leader, and if H. H. Cherry can build a State as he has built a great institution of learning, it would indeed be selfish and most unpatriotic for us to stand in his way.

Therefore we can only say: "President Cherry, go, and the love, the faith, and the admiration of the student-body go with you.'

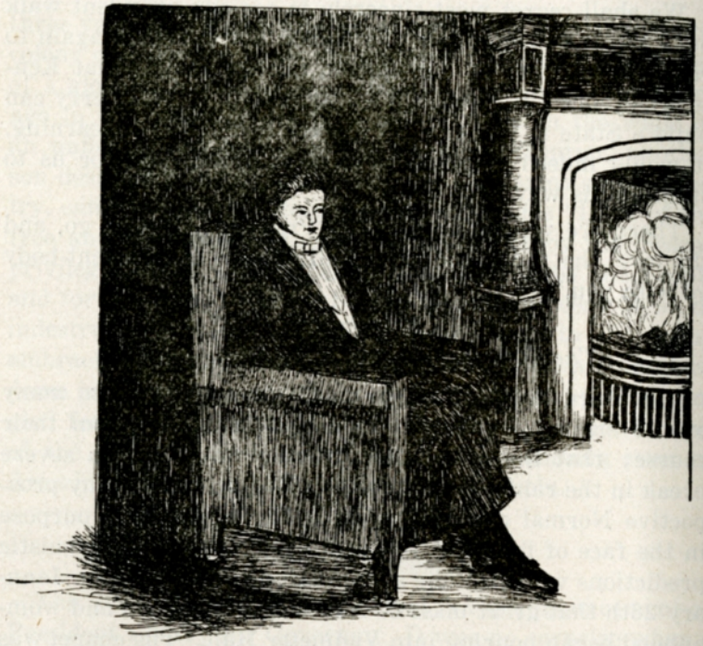
—o—

The Western Normal Goes Marching On

We heard it said that the hard times would turn many of the ancient, annually-returning Normalites from their course; that the mid-winter opening would note a severe break in the ranks of the ever-faithful, and that many prospective Normal children would shrink from their purpose in the face of financial stringency, but all these pessimistic predictions vanished like a snowball in April when on January 26th that great mass of Kentucky's manhood and womanhood began pouring into Vanmeter Hall. The chapel was an inspiring one; that kind that always stirs a feeling of patriotism, and creates the ambition for "more life" on the part of the new student.

President Cherry made one of his enthusiastic talks to the new students, in which he defined the institution's policy of invisible government, after which the old students extended that old-time, how-do-you-do we're-glad-to-see-you greeting to the new comers.

At the close of the chapel the president announced that the enrollment was greater by twelve people than it had ever been in the history of the institution at the opening of the term. So you see that in spite of poor crops, little money and high prices the Western Normal goes marching on.



Reflections of a Student

As I draw near the end of my course, my mind sometimes turns, in the quieter hours of life, to the way that lies behind, and to the future that lies beyond the veil. The thought, serious and impressive, comes to me that in a few days I shall pass from this institution, but not from its memories, into the work of the world to meet the need of men. Will I be a finished scholar? No, for the scholar is never *finished* until earth receives him to her bosom, and then I believe he only passes to that greater university of the Celestial City, where he will sit at the feet of the Great Teacher forever.

Forty months I have been here, and yet how short the time seems, now, as I look toward the past. How different

seems the course now from what it appeared at the beginning. Then the goal was far, far away, even on the very peak of the mountain of Knowledge. My heart almost stopped beating as I viewed the long course, which is doubtless the experience of all students when they start upon the way. Each year's work seemed an unsurmountable barrier, a sheer precipice upon the mountain side. Follow the guidance of my pen, kind reader, and you will see the course over which every student must pass in the four years of a college career.

Near the base of the mountain of Knowledge rose dark, ominous crags. Beyond these there was a narrow plateau. Above this towered three other lines of crags, and above each was a plateau. On these plateaus those who struggled upward, were tempted to remain and be at rest. Up each of these lines of barriers students were advancing. As I viewed them I learned that those at the foot of the mountain were Freshmen. Above them struggled the Sophomores, then the Juniors, while on what I then thought were the dizzy heights were a few careworn Seniors, almost breathless with their struggle. How far away they seemed.

I joined the group at the base of the mountain, and together we pressed on.

A year passed and we had reached the first table-land. I turned to view my companions, and I found they were not so many in number as at the beginning of the struggle. The way had seemed too rough to them and they returned to the peaceful valley from whence they had so lately come. Upon the rocks of this ledge were these words, written, no doubt, by the finger of destiny, "Let only the courageous press on." As these words were read the faces of some of the toilers became deathly white. Those individuals went back. In the souls of the brave something whispered, "Press on, and on, and on," and they never faltered. When the difficulties seemed unsurmountable, they went with their problems to the Great Teacher, whom they had learned to trust, and He was found ever ready to help them. Each succeeding line

of barriers seemed less difficult than the one before, though in reality it was steeper, for we had gained strength for the effort by each trial. At last we are near the top of the last row of crags and the end of the way lies just beyond. As I behold now I see but few of my companions that were with me. Where are they? Far down the mountain side I can see many of them, through the yet shadowless past, leading along paths toward beautiful groves on the mountain side. Through these groves run sparkling streams, and among the boughs of the trees birds sing. These pleasant places beckoned to the students, and they answered the call. Only the brave-hearted have persevered, and they are worn and weary, for the road has been long and rough. The goal of the yesterdays is almost reached, but what seemed in the beginning the crest of the mountain is now seen to be far from the top, which lies in those heights unreached by man. Everyone is wiser than at the beginning of the way. Our vision has changed, and with this broader view of life our ideals have grown. The goal of to-day is yet far away, and a much greater one it is than the old.

The question at this time comes, Has all the struggle been in vain? There can be but one answer. No, for the trials of the way have made us strong.

In the beginning we had our ideals, implanted at the altar of the old home. Those ideals have not been destroyed, but have blossomed forth, under the influence of the noble men and women who instruct, more beautiful than the old. Now we begin to see the *need* of men.

All our strength has not come from books. Much of it has come from associating with true men and women, and I do believe that this is the most valuable of all. I may forget the books and their contents, but never will the lessons taught by the contact with human lives cease to guide. These influences cannot die. They are the priceless treasures gathered along the way that will repay for all the toil. The warm handclasp made us feel we were not alone in the struggle, and in our greatest trials our teachers understood and

sympathized with us. It is by such influences as these that men and women of character are made.

Perhaps one of the most valuable influences that come in a college career, is from the formation of friendships, if they are noble and true. The most powerful and most lasting friendships are usually those of the early period of our lives, and mutual adversity, such as we have faced here, has ever helped to make them firm, just as the fiercest heat is needed to make the strongest weld in iron. At the home parting we were separated from our friends, and we were sad. In school new friendships have been formed that cannot die, and that individual may count himself rich who has true friends.

The way has been difficult and long, but these trials have not been met in vain. Truly,

"The toils of the road will seem nothing,
When we get to the end of the way."

———oOo———

A Private Opinion of Public Heroes

Nations, like individuals, display peculiar tastes in selecting their heroes. America, for instance, has chosen for hers a stately Virginia gentleman and an uncouth backwoodsman. After all, it is not inconsistent that one of our national heroes should be wealthy and the other poverty-stricken; one a plantation owner, the other a rail-splitter; one an aristocrat, the other a plebeian. A democracy more than any other form of government needs leadership, and America accepts the man who can lead, whether he comes from a mansion on the Potomac or a half-faced camp. A democracy must recognize true greatness, wherever found. It can be no respecter of persons.

By a cast of the die of fortune both Washington and Lincoln were born south of Mason and Dixon's Line. The South has produced two of the world's greatest men. The

slave owner and the slave emancipator lived in neighboring States. But each lived in a widely different epoch. Not without justice one is called the father of his country—the other the savior.

There is hardly one point of similarity between them. Washington was from the Old Dominion; Lincoln from the frontier. Washington was an aristocrat of the old Virginia aristocracy; Lincoln of obscure, even questionable origin. Washington was rich, Lincoln always remained poor enough to bring out his strength of character. Washington was proud, austere, unapproachable; Lincoln was the most humanly human of men. Both were great Presidents, great statesmen and great men. But Washington is great like other great men are great. His was a commonplace greatness, so to speak. Lincoln was the most singular, solitary and peculiarly original of men. There is nothing strikingly differentiating about Washington; Lincoln followed an unknown and mysterious star. The world has formed a fairly correct opinion of Washington's genius; Lincoln remains an enigma. He was a man of sorrows. But what was that great sorrow that hung over him like a fog-bank? Not in his words, not in his deeds is it found, but it is depicted in every feature of his melancholy face. Washington lived life to its fullest capacity, but his capacity was not as great as Lincoln's. Like Shakespeare, Lincoln ran the whole gamut of human life. He is the epitome of the people of his day. He is an American of Americans—the embodiment of the American spirit. Washington was a violin with four strings; Lincoln a lute with many, and the fingers of Life swept every chord. Oh, the breadth and variety of the nature of this strange man! While Lincoln was the more original genius, every American has his own private opinion as to which was the greater. Here's one: After a study of the lives of Washington and Lincoln, this is the conclusion: No matter how long the American Republic stands, no matter what illustrious statesmen will arise and work in larger spheres of usefulness, these two men are fixed

stars that will forever blaze in the firmament of American history and—in peace, in love, in war, in administration, in statesmanship, Washington was great, but Lincoln was greater.

———oOo———

Unity, Spirit and Strength

The Traveler, with the scorching wind in his face, had walked on and on over the burning sand till it seemed to him that the whole world had become a desert where he, the only living being, was moving. But, as he staggered on, he found grass, then plants, and at last—at the end of a day—a river which, fresh from the mountains, was rushing down in its untamed strength—a strength that thrilled him. As he watched the river, his heart leaped with its spirit—it was so buoyant and glad. The Traveler joyously cried, "Tell me, O River, whither came thy spirit and strength?" And the river, as it swept on, answered, "My spirit and strength have as their source a spring up yonder in the mountains; but the spring is just a spring, and as its stream I did little until the water of a thousand mountain brooks, a few at a time, joined me. My secret is unity."

One day the Traveler followed the river down to the sea and, at twilight, stood on a cliff against which the waves dashed with wild roar. He was awed at the spirit that drove the waves again and again upon the rocks, and at the strength that made the air quiver with the deep vibrations. He uncovered his head and with outstretched hands pleaded, "Tell me, O Ocean, whither came thy spirit and strength?" and the ocean, as it hurled the waves against the opposing rocks, answered, "My spirit and strength have as their source the deep, but their greatness is given by a thousand rivers that join me. My secret is unity."

Wandering by the seashore, the Traveler found a forest, vast, unknown, and with an atmosphere of peace. As he rested in the quiet and shade he felt the spirit of the forest;

it refreshed him, and, as he looked upon the great trees that held him in their solitude, he asked in wonder, "Tell me, O Forest, whither came thy spirit and strength?" And the forest, as it held back the evening wind, answered, "My spirit and strength have as their source the rich soil in which the tree roots grow, but their greatness depend upon sunlight and rain. My secret is unity."

The Traveler, while learning the secrets of the universe, paused one day at the edge of a cedar grove and, lifting his eyes to the hill above him, he saw great buildings and hurrying people. As he gazed, he felt a thrill in the atmosphere, and he saw, in letters of gold formed by sunlight, "A Greater Kentucky." Then his heart leaped with joy and he cried, "Tell me, O School, whither came thy spirit and strength?" And the school, as it held up its standard, answered, "My spirit and strength have as their source this hilltop with its faculty and students, but their greatness come from the field where people carrying my banner are joining me in the work. My secret is unity."

As the Traveler heard he understood—he had learned the secret of all things. In the river, in the sea, in the school, and in all the universe, the secret of spirit and strength is unity.

NETTIE LAYMAN.

oOo

Echoes from the Field

(From Texas)

The Rural Teacher and Rural Progress

There is a great deal of agitation to-day for better conditions in rural provinces. Strong pleas are made from the platform and through the press for the improvement of conditions on the farm and in farm homes. The institutions of higher learning and various other agencies have assigned the problem of rural betterment to the keenest, most active minds available. Some of the best thought of

the present generation is being directed toward the uplift of country life and toward making rural districts a more attractive place in which to live.

The development of the rural community is dependent almost wholly upon the development of the rural teacher. A live, wideawake, enthusiastic teacher who has given himself the proper training to fit him for his work can do more to build up a community than any other one individual. The teacher of to-day must be a community leader. He must be the recognized leader educationally and should be the social leader in and out of school. It is his duty to attend every social function given where the children under his instruction will attend. The restraining influence of the teacher in some communities is often needed. He should gradually work his way into the confidence of the people until his leadership becomes recognized. Then he will be able to mould the thought and lives of the people with whom he works.

Poor farms and poor homes are usually indications of a poor school. A poor school is nearly always the result of a lack of school interest. A lack of school interest is, in practically all instances, directly traceable to the employment of poorly trained teachers. As the school is dependent upon the teacher, so is the development of the community dependent in large measure upon the progress of the school. If this be true, the development of the rural community depends directly upon the development of the rural teacher. And the development of the rural teacher depends not only upon the character and amount of training which he receives, but upon his personality. There is no place in the rural school system for weaklings. The country is demanding strong, capable, well-trained young men and young women for the training of her boys and girls. Teachers with ideas and ideals, teachers with a vision, teachers who have initiative. These are the teachers who are needed in the country to-day.

Our schools do not have that close, sympathetic relation-

ship with the communities surrounding them that they should have. They are not touching the lives of the people who support them in many instances. Too frequently, they are things entirely separate and apart from all community interests. The rural school should be the center of all social activities of the neighborhood. It should be the place for farmers' meetings, and all kinds of intellectual and social diversions. The rural school should be the community gathering place where old and young can come together, enjoy a social hour, and talk over the general welfare of the community. The teacher and pupils can always arrange a short, attractive program for any meeting at which a program is desirable. This not only pleases the mothers and fathers, but it gives the child practice in appearing in public and inspires self-confidence. The school has a wonderful opportunity to serve through these meetings. They inspire hope in the work of the school and are conducive to general rural betterment. It is the duty of every rural school to study closely its great problem—that of reaching the people in their home life—and it should "intelligently undertake to broaden and enrich that life, to make it more efficient and better able to meet competition."

Our educational system is a failure unless it enriches life and trains for greater usefulness. More than ninety per cent of the children in rural schools are farmers' sons and daughters, and a large percentage of these will spend their lives on the farm. It is the proper function of the rural school to give such training as will enable these children to live fuller and richer lives—that training which will create ideals, raise standards, and inspire them to greater achievements in their rural environment. Rural schools shouid not attempt to make a farmer out of every boy that comes under their influence, nor should they educate them away from the farm. But they must teach that there is just as much opportunity for culture, for happiness, for intelligent thought and action, and just as great remuneration for their efforts on the farm as in the city.

But our rural schools cannot teach these things unless they are placed in charge of competent, well-trained teachers. The rural teacher of the future must not be a transient. He must be so completely wrapped up in his work that he will make his services to the community indispensable. He must love his work, because of the work itself and the opportunities for doing good. The time has passed for making our rural schools practice schools for the novices or for allowing the would-be lawyer, doctor, stenographer, banker, editor, etc., to use them as a means of earning money to pursue their training for their life work. The rural school teacher of the future must be trained specifically for rural school work. He must understand rural sociology, must be able to talk intelligently to the farmer relative to the various problems of farm life, must be able to teach the vocational subjects, must be well trained in all other phases of work that must be taught in the country schools, must be a leader, and must be thoroughly in sympathy with country life.

The logical place for the training of teachers for the rural schools is our normal schools. No teacher should be allowed to teach in a rural school who has not had some normal training. At least one summer's work in a State normal should be required of every teacher going into rural school work. And the sooner a diploma from one of these institutions is made prerequisite to teaching in the country schools, the sooner we shall build up a strong, effective teaching force and thereby build up our system of schools and the condition of the country in general. The opportunities of the rural teacher to contribute to educational, social, moral and industrial progress are unlimited, if he avails himself of that training which will equip him for his work.

WILL TAYLOR.

(From Woodburn)

The year just passed has been one filled with problems and perplexities, and we have all been absorbed in the ever-

changing influences of war and legislation. The skies, though, are clearing, and as a people we are looking forward to better things ahead.

At the beginning of this new year it is my sincere desire that the "King," the "Premier," the Kaiser, the Czar, the Editor, and all my friends may have a large part in the things that are worth while, bringing prosperity to them and to those dear to them.

So, with a cheery smile and a hearty hand-grasp, I wish you a very, very Happy New Year, and may the hopes you cherish find fulfillment in the present year.

Very sincerely,
ANDREW W. PARKER.

The marriage of Miss Virginia Wheeler, of the Paducah City Schools, and Mr. O. L. Pealer, of Warren, Ohio, was quietly solemnized at her home in Sedalia, Ky., December 25. Miss Wheeler is a former student of the W. K. S. N. S., and Mr. Pealer is a graduate of B. G. B. U. of the Class of 1914. Mr. and Mrs. Pealer will make their home in Warren, where Mr. Pealer has charge of a large business college.

———oOo———

EXTRACTS FROM A CHAPEL SPEECH BY T. J. COATES

I believe in democracy in education. I believe in rural people and in rural schools. I believe that the country child has a right to as good educational advantages as the city child. I do not believe that he has such chances to-day. I know he has not. I do not believe the rural school is *relatively* as strong an institution as it was thirty years ago when I began teaching in them.

I believe that the rural school, as organized at present, is inadequate to give rural children a square deal; and I believe this inadequacy is apparent to everybody who studies the question except to the rural people themselves.

To restore the rural school to its proper position is not

easy. Merely to add new studies to the curriculum will not accomplish the purpose, though new studies may be necessary. Neither will the securing of a normal-trained teacher, or an increase of school tax, though both will be valuable aids.

To restore the rural school to its proper position demands a thorough reorganization of the system from top to bottom. Such a reorganization proposes nothing more nor less than the creation for country children of as good schools for their needs as city children now enjoy. It contemplates the abandonment of dozens of the small and inefficient one-teacher schools which dot the surface of almost every county, and the creation instead of a much smaller number of centrally located consolidated schools, with partial or complete high school facilities attached.

It contemplates taking the county superintendency from the political column. Long ago our cities abolished their districts, stopped choosing their superintendents by popular elections, and began to manage the schools as a unit, and until our counties introduce something of the same unit system into their educational management, and begin to compete in educational markets for real leadership, will rural education ever be made very effective or put on a competitive basis with city education.

Take this office out of politics, make it appointive instead of elective, abolish the local residence requirement, throw it open to competition as city superintendencies and high school principalships now are, and base salary, tenure and promotion on efficiency in the service, and the office of county superintendent would offer a career for which a man or a woman would be warranted in making long and careful preparation.

What I am trying to say is, that the really fundamental need to-day is that rural and small village education should be reorganized along efficient administrative lines, to enable such to meet the needs of our rapidly changing rural civili-

zation, and that the educational reorganization is such as I have outlined.

This necessary reorganization is of such a fundamental character that it will have to be superimposed from above, sweeping away before it the opposition of both county and district school officials. The State, in the exercise of its inherent right to demand constructive reforms, must demand a reorganization of rural education which will create a system adapted to modern rural educational needs, one under which business can be transacted in a modern manner, and one under which rapid progress along modern lines will be possible.

Until this is done, we shall be putting new wine into old bottles with a hole in the bottom.

It is the duty of every teacher and educational leader to acquaint himself with the need and the nature of these reforms and to help cultivate public opinion until it will elect a Legislature and a Governor who will give us a system under which we can grow. We now have a chance to elect such a Governor.

———oOo———

IF—

If you can keep calm when all around you
Are talking plays and piling work on you;
If you can survive mid-term exams—then you
Belong to the Senior Class, that is true.
If you can be patient and not grow tired of working,
Or being worked, don't give way to fretting
(Teachers then may think you're shirking);
And yet don't look too worried, nor yet regretting.

If you can sleep, and not make sleep your aim—
If you can work and make that work strong,
If you can face your fate, then you're game;
If you can, you'll get along.
If you can bear to hear those hackneyed themes

Clothed in new thoughts in "English,"
Or know the inspirations—those great dreams
That rise from those students—seven.

If you can yell at all ball game winnings
And risk a bluff in your next day's class,
And fail—and regret your sinnings
And never tell a word about your brass;
If you can be brave and strong and true,
To work all night, while others rest,
When strength has fled, then begin anew
With a will that says, "Now do your best."

If you can mingle with crowds and keep in tune,
Or walk with Freshmen—nor break the unity of school;
If no criticisms on earth can hurt till June,
And all lectures count with you—just keep cool.
If you can fill a day of twenty-four hours
With the work of forty-five to the end,
Yours is the Life Certificate and all its powers,
And—what's more—you've been loyal, too, my friend!

LILY MAE ROGERS.

———oOo———

Our advertisers trade with us; let's show the true spirit of reciprocity, and trade with them.

Athletics

There are only two kinds of basketball teams: first, the teams that win; and, second, the teams that do otherwise; and let it be known to whomsoever it may concern, that we have a team of the calibre first mentioned. To relieve all doubts concerning the above statement, note the following:

Early in the season our team playel Bethel College (Russellville, Ky.), a strong, fast team, but the Normal boys exhibited a display of apple passing which completely bewildered the Bethel team and resulted in the count of 21 to 38 in favor of the team that *wins* (The Normal).

Our second game was with the well-known Vanderbilt Training School. This game was much more interesting

than the score indicated; the V. T. S. team passed the ball well and fought to the end, but it always happened that when they were in position to shoot a goal, the Normal guard came up and mildly interfered, and this by a score of 40 to 8, in favor of the team that *wins*, the game ended.

Now we come to our third game, which was played against the Murfreesboro, Tenn., Normal. The Tennessee team is certainly a husky bunch, and they play ball like *thunder* and *lightning*. This game was one of nerve-racking excitement from first to last; our team took the lead early in the game, but the lead was so small that the Normal rooters were on pins for fear the other team would score, but Sadler and Lawson were in the game, to prevent such embarrassing conduct on the part of the visitors, and they did it. Jones, of the Normal, seemed to be the star goal shooter of the evening; he just shot them from anywhere. Strahm played a fine game; he also shot some miraculous goals, and Belue, our ever-faithful center, was in the contest all the time. The battle was real, and strategic tactics were many, but the *winning* team must win, and so at the end the tally said W. K. S. N. 33, and M. T. N. 19.

The fourth game was also played with the Murfreesboro team, who came back with more thunder and lightning plus a little hail, and notwithstanding the fact that our boys faced their cyclonic attack and contested every movement of the game with tremendous energy and determination, the team that *wins* met their first reverse and lost their first game of the season. The score card said: M. T. N. 30, W. K. S. N. 19.

We are now looking forward to the games with Richmond to be played in the near future. We love the Eastern Normal, but her athletic scalp always looks good to us, and we are going to get it when they come here, for the *Western* is a team of the calibre that *wins*.

The Girls' Basketball

"Ra! ra! ra, ra, ra!; ra! ra! ra, ra, ra!; ra! ra! ra,

ra, ra! teams, teams, teams!"

"What teams?"

"Why, the girls' basketball teams, of course. This is the last game of the season, and they have covered themselves with glory. Come, join us in three rousing cheers for our teams." You want an explanation? Oh, I see, you are a new student.

Well, you see, each society has a team, and they are playing match games. Since January 7th, each team has played three games with every other team; and we have all been proud of them. I venture to say that the atmosphere on this hill does not contain an atom of any kind that has not been charged with electrified enthusiasm. I'll tell you, these teams have spizzerinktum in their bones, else they could not have played so well. It has meant hard work. Some of these teams were very weak in the beginning, but not so now. They have developed since the season began, and have made good, strong teams in one month's time.

Do you see Louisa Jordan? She is captain of the Loyal team. She has not played much, but she will be a star player some day. We honor these Loyals for their determination. They have enrolled members ever since the season opened, trained them, and are now able to play the Seniors a good game.

The girl that throws the long goals? That is Captain Lucy Booth, of the Senior team. She often throws them from near the center line. Nettie Layman and Pearl Jordan are the star forwards of the Senior team.

That guard that watches the ball like a cat after a mouse? Why, that is Mary Brown, and the forward that scores over her well deserves a glittering star in her crown.

Now comes the Juniors and Kit-Kats. Miss Phelps is the Junior Captain, and Miss Roberts is the captain of the Kit-Kats. The Junior team is a strong one. Whenever Laura Phelps begins throwing goals, she never knows when to stop. She has been known to throw as many as fifteen

goals in one game. Josephine Cherry is a splendid player, too. She has, when necessary, guarded two at once.

Miss Roberts? Yes, she throws good field goals; and Margie Elice plays all over the field at once.

The games are over, they were hard fought, and revealed a spirit and a tenacity seldom witnessed in contests among girls. By hard fighting the Seniors won without losing a game, but they were hard pressed by the Juniors in every contest. The Juniors themselves lost no games except those with the Seniors.

As to the Kit-Kats and Loyals, the spoils were divided. The former won twice, and the latter once.

Why are we proud of the last two games? Because they have improved so much since they began. They have nerve, courage and "that other thing" that has strengthened them against the attacks of a stronger force.

Then, let's give fifteen ra's for all our teams,—all.

———oOo———

Mr. New Student, if you do not know where to trade, see the *Ads* in THE ELEVATOR; they show you the *best* business houses in town.

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Exchanges

"When you see a good thing, pass it on" is a pretty good slogan. Another of equal value might be, "When you see a good thing, give it a boost." It is our desire through this department to pass on our appreciation of our contemporary magazines for the work they are doing and thereby boost them to greater efforts. We get much useful and interesting entertainment from our exchanges, for which we trust we are not ungrateful.

The Optic, Columbus, Ohio—one of the best high school magazines we have had the privilege to enjoy. You have a vision that proves the appropriateness of your name. You

see things, you appropriate them. Your literary department is strong, also and the joke and exchange departments.

The Central Digest, Chattanooga, Tenn.—You have a large, bright, interesting paper. Your "Short Tales" are especially good. All departments filled with high-class matter. Why not add a word of comment upon individual exchanges?

The Criterion, Ardmore, Okla.—Another of the best of our exchanges. You have a large, well-printed paper. Stories good, but a few cuts would lend color to the appearance of your paper.

The Echo, Kearney, Nebr.—A more definite and systematic arrangement of material would add to the value of your magazine. Let the *Echo* re-echo.

S. H. S. Herald, Springfield, Ohio.—You may increase the value of your paper by enlarging your literary department.

The Palmetto and the Pine, St. Petersburg, Fla.—A delightful breeze blowing from the land of the Everglades. Your cuts are excellent.

The Maroon and White, Chattanooga, Tenn.—A lively, spirited rival of the *Central Digest.*

The Orange and Blue, Millville, N. J.—More attention to your literary department would strengthen your magazine.

The Red and Black, Reading, Pa.—A paper full of good material, well arranged, and unique in its character. Come again, with "Karats."

The Spectator, Louisville, Ky.—A spectator often sees many funny things. Happy is he if he can record the things

he witnesses as well as this *Spectator* has recorded in cuts and cartoons many funny visions.

—oOo—

FROM THE EXCHANGE—REAPPLIED

Prof. Alexander: "Farris, how much time did you spend on this?"

Mr. Farris: "About half an hour, railroad time."

Prof. Alexander: "What do you mean by that?"

Farris: "Why, including stops and all."

Freshman: "The gink that killed the chink."

Miss Carson: "What?"

F.: "Oh, the gentleman that slew the Oriental."

Was it Mr. Chaney that said Thomas A. Edison discovered the cotton gin in 1492?

Haskell Miller says a synonym is a word you use when you can't spell the other one.

Contentment is hard to define, but we know it when we see it—Sandy Singleton with lots of pie, or Miss ——. You guessed it.

Murfreesboro forward pointing to Will Sadler: "Hey, referee, watch this man."

"Well—well, that's what he is here for."

It was J. B. Hutson's first attempt at ushering at Lyceum numbers, and as he was a bit flustered, he said: "This way, lady, and I will sew you into a sheet."

Fannie Lewis Price: "I have an idea."

Edna Akers: "Treat it kindly. It is in a strange place."

Martha Holton: "Victor, what does your father do?"

Victor Strahm: "Oh, he is a professor, so I can be educated for nothing."

Martha: "That's nothing; my father is a minister, so I can be good for nothing."

Nettie Layman: "Do you know my room-mate?"
Estelle Drake: "Yes; she and I sleep in the same Method Class."

Miss Carson: "What was the Sherman Act?"
Mr. Allen: "Marching through Georgia."

Louise Jordan: "I heard something this morning that opened my eyes."
Pearl: "What was it?"
Louise: "The alarm clock."

———oOo———

Prof. Green had waited thirty minutes for a slow waiter to bring his dinner.

"Now," he said to the waiter, "can you bring me some cheese and coffee?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter.

"And," continued Prof. Green, "while you're away you might send me a postal card every now and then."

Robinson: "Say, Skaggs, what's this strategy thing this history keeps talking about?"

Skaggs: "Well, it's like this: Supposing you run out of ammunition and you don't want the enemy to know it, then it's strategy to keep on firing."

"Mary," said a mother to her quick-tempered little girl, "you must not get mad and say naughty things. You should always give a soft answer."

An hour afterwards, when her little brother provoked her, Mary clenched her little fist and exclaimed, "Mush!"

Leslie Brown: "Mr. Alexander, what is the third dimension?"

Mr. A.: "Oh, Brown, hush talking to me; can't you see I'm busy?"

Leslie: "Did you hear about the awful accident in the subway?"

Mr. A. (looking up with interest): "What accident?"

Leslie: "Why—a woman had her eye on a seat and a man sat on it."

Miss Hatcher: "Why, Mosby, what makes you come to school with your hands so soiled? What would *you* say if I would come to school with *my* hands soiled?"

Mosby: "I wouldn't say anything. I'd be too polite."

A revival was being held at a small colored Baptist church in Southern Florida. At one of these meetings the evangelist after an earnest but fruitless exhortation, requested all of the congregation who wanted their souls washed white as snow to stand up. One old darkey remained sitting.

"Don' yo' want yo' soul washed w'ite as snow, Brudder Jones?"

"Mah soul done bin washed w'ite as snow, pahson."

"Whah was yo' soul washed w'ite as snow, Brudder Jones?"

"Over yander to do Methodis' chu'ch cros't de railroad."

"Lawd, Brudder Jones, yo' soul wahn't washed—hit were dry cleaned."

A young man leading a dog by a chain stopped at the corner. An Irishman asked what breed the dog was. The owner looked the questioner innocently up and down and then replied with a drawl: "It's a cross between an ape and an Irishman."

"Faith, then we're both related to the beast," was the ready retort.

A teacher in the factory district of a New Jersey town had been giving the children lectures upon the poisonousness of dirt.

One morning a little girl raised her hand excitedly and pointed to a boy who seldom had clean hands.

"Teacher," she said, "look quick, Jimmie's committin' suicide, he's suckin' his thumb."

Drummer: "Is this the best hotel this town can support?"

Hotel Clerk: "The town don't support this hotel; it is supported by fresh traveling men, and probably that's what's the matter with it."

Prof. Stickles: "Dunn, what must a man be to be buried with military honors?"

Dunn: "Dead."

Freshman: "Professor, is it ever possible to take the greater from the less?"

Mr. Turner: "There is a pretty close approach to it when the conceit is taken out of a Freshman."

Murray Brown: "I don't owe a dollar to my name."
Atherton: "Why, won't anyone credit you?"

———— —oOo————

Read the ads in THE ELEVATOR; they give you valuable information.

————oOo————

THE NEXT ISSUE

The next issue of THE ELEVATOR will be in the hands of the Senior Class, and the April and May numbers will be published by the Juniors and Kit-Kats, respectively. Look out for some excellent issues from these societies.